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The CORADDI

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE

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VOL. XXIV

JANUARY 1920

No. 3

Another year has gone! Gone never to return. Have you STARTING made it a year of ANEW sunshine, happiness, and pleasure for yourself, for your home, for your friends, and for your college? Have you tried to make someone happy by sacrificing some one thing that would have meant a great deal of pleasure to you? How much loneliness have you banished by kind words and deeds? Have you been sincere in everything you have done and said? Have you honestly tried to give your best to those around you? If you have not, you have let one of the greatest privileges that will ever come to you slip through your hands. This same opportunity can never come to you again, but the new year with three hundred and sixty-six days as yet, clean and unmarred, needs you and every ounce of your very best ability to keep those days full of clean thoughts and worthwhile deeds. If you failed last year is that sufficient excuse for failing again? Are you going to wake up this year and do your utmost to make

those around you happier, purer, and nobler than they would otherwise have been?—D. L. L., '23.

Back in the days of High School Math the best illustration we could find of a variable was "Lady Fashion." Do we need an introduction to her? Well, in short it is she who dictates to us whether we shall wear hoops at the top or bottom of our skirts, whether we shall have our social gatherings the last hour of the evening at home or the first hours of morning in the dance hall and whether we shall "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam" or get out and indulge in six mile hikes and tennis games between the hours we spend at honest work for a living. Equal opportunity and individual liberties! The chances look slim for them as long as we remain slaves to our dictatorial queen. But we have her and we are not going to banish her even for the sake of these. The only consolation for those who would get there out of

our way is that she is a variable and perhaps we can influence her our way before she makes her next change. Happily she is at our command—a kind sovereign who makes the will of the majority of her subjects law. The majority after all must submit. But isn't that fair according to our accepted principles of a democracy?

I wonder how many of us have thought seriously about this sovereign to whom we render homage. In what way are we serving her in our college community? We hear a lot these days about duty. Everybody is talking about the importance of our performing our duty. Then we should conclude that strict adherence to duty is the style. And by duty we mean the execution to the best of our ability of every task entrusted to our keeping. We are assigned a thousand word paper to get in within two weeks on some literary subject about which we have not the slightest spark of inspiration. Our duty you say is to start in at once studying the subject so doggedly that we became saturated with it. Then we can draw real conclusions. Then we can write a real paper. But what do we do? Madly out of the class room we rush with a face twice its proper length and everybody whom we see within the next thirteen days pities the poor imposed upon creatures that we are. On the fourteenth day we begin and end the task. A load is off our mind and we dismiss the subject with the hope that we've heaped enough high sounding words together to make a better appearance than we deserve. Our duty is performed.

Again we look into our campus life for examples of our adherence to duty which we say one would assume is the style. The non-academic life of the college is in our hands too. In all good faith we accepted the privileges of student government—the responsibilities of student government. How well have we executed this task? Just let us take a glance into the inside. A brazen freshman who has read "when Patty Went to College," spends a

study hour with a quiet Sophomore friend. The Sophomore knows that is wrong but lest she offend the Freshman she dares not mention it. The Freshman, however is not so reserved. She tells boastingly to the Senior at her table, one of the leaders, how sly she has been, how well she has managed it and did not "get caught." The Senior knows that she should ^{not} repeat it. She starts, in fact, to see the president of Student Government, and realizes what she is doing. "Oh, I am nothing but a tattler!" she cries in alarm to herself, "this is dirty work. She will despise me and all the other girls in school will too."

Here we have it in a nut-shell. Or is it a soap bubble that's broken? Our love for duty so much in vogue! We love to talk about duty and talking about it is about all that we do according to the existing fashion. After we have expounded at large on the subject we then proceed at once to make it next to an impossibility for any one to perform her duty by setting up as our queen Fashion one who demands that the studious person be considered a cranky bookworm, that the breaker of rules be set up on a pedestal and decorated for bravery, while the one who reports offences and attempts to preserve good order be considered a social outcast deserving the everlasting contempt of the seven hundred.

Is this situation necessary? Is this situation going to continue? No; not when we have seven hundred girls here who down in their hearts want to do the right thing. And not when we have a queen so changeable, so responsive to her subjects' wishes. Fashion is a variable and in this case she is completely at our beck and call. Let's make her next change towards demanding respect not contempt, for those who perform their duty. If we each resolve to respect them and thus make it the style, the whole crowd will respond so as to make Alladin's lamp seem insignificant. Are you going to be out of style?—R. C., '20.

'Duty,' says Robert E. Lee, "is the sublimest word in the English language."

Perhaps the one thing that everybody in general wants most, is public approval. But often there is a mistaken idea as to whereby we may get public approval. The most commonly practiced idea to win approval is by repressing what we know is right, to please somebody for the time being. We think that a person is a friend of ours, or that we are being a friend to some particular person, because perhaps a certain matter is allowed to slip by. In either case the right thing was neglected, and we have failed to be fair to ourselves, and to the other person. But in the long run the person who seeks this temporary approval gets so much less admiration than the person who sticks to duty, that there is really no comparison between them.

On the other hand there is a still more selfish violation of duty than that. And we are likely to look on the word "ought" as the most disliked word in the dictionary. It is so much easier to read an article in the COSMOPOLITAN than to read our History or study our physics. Saturday night spent in the gym dancing is far more pleasant than Saturday night behind a "No Ad" in spite of the fact that we have a two thousand word theme to go in on Monday morning. We are all creatures of mood and temperament, and if we are not on our guard, we will follow the line of least resistance. Many times we are mistaken as to what is our duty. But there are no mistaken rewards for being faithful to what we thought was our duty, whether it was right or wrong and done in the right spirit.

And so, begin your new term's work with a resolution to be faithful to every task you undertake, every day, be it "great or small."—A. B. B., '20.

The greatest gathering of Christian students known for many years was held in Des Moines, Iowa, in December. Thousands of students from every corner of the globe were there in the interest of world evangelization, taking as their motto "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation."

Though its primary interest was a religious one, the Conference discussed almost every phase of student life. The thousands of who were present, stood shoulder to shoulder to further the interest in the big things that were undertaken there. Inter-collegiate spirit and friendly rivalry were promoted with much enthusiasm and the beautiful spirit of fellowship reigned throughout the entire conference. Another spirit which tended to strengthen the individual student was that of internationalism which was evident everywhere. No color or caste stood as a barrier to the united effort to promote Christianity. There is no doubt that the echo of the Des Moines Student Volunteer Conference will be heard thruout the student world.

Positively no, is the opinion of the person who is broad-minded, but nevertheless it is exasperating to hear that there is no real Christian spirit on any state school campuses, and that a large per cent of faculty in such estimations are atheists. This may have been the case in times past, but the up-to-date person that really knows much concerning state schools now, will not say so, for although there may not be pride and antagonism shown along denominational lines, there certainly is to be found much of the Christ-like spirit. To show those people who may not agree with us—

DO
HEATHEN
INHABIT
STATE
SCHOOLS?

and not with any sense of egotism—we wish to give a few sidelights on the “atheism” of this institution.

What denominational school can boast of better faculty? Mr. Brown, Mr. Scott-Hunter, Miss Mayer, Miss Wilcox, Miss Bivens, and others, in our music department are essential in the choirs of Greensboro and other towns. Dr. Foust, Mr. Smith, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Cook, Mr. Highsmith, Miss Elliot, Miss Ellington, Miss Riddle, and others, lecture to men's classes and other groups off the campus that are interested in the really constructive work of the community, as well as holding Bible study classes weekly on the campus. Prof. Smith has been a minister, and Dr. Kephart has preached some also. Our own Miss Coit, secretary of the College, whose dream of Korea has been long a guiding light is now there after gaining a leave of absence from the College. She is helping her brother with his missionary work in that country. Truly, there is no atheistic faculty on this campus.

Besides this, we find the students serving in work of a religious and constructive nature. Our girls—not all of them of course—attend Sunday-School and Church, some belonging to choirs, some teaching classes—there being no fear of attendance being taken—while others go to the Children's Home and also the County Home, and entertain the people there

And remember all of this is purely voluntary; there is no military law to the enforcement of Christianity. One might think that the so-called heathen would not care for a Y. W. C. A. Well—some at least do, but all the same one of the most wide awake organizations on the campus is the association. We have a permanent secretary that makes her home in the College, and we have daily personal watch which means we are supposed to read our Bibles every day—it is left to us. We have a three thousand dollar Y. W. C. A. hut that the girls constructed and built themselves—a thing unprecedented in this State, or in the whole South. In the past two years we gave sacrificially large sums for the Student War Campaign fund, and this year we sent the delegates to the Des Moines Conference of student volunteers; and this is a college of comparatively poor students. Nor have other things suffered while we were doing this, for we have met all obligations cheerfully and at the same time have undertaken to clothe, board, etc, two Serbian girls who are taking a four year course at the college.

Lest with growing enthusiasm the subject might partake of egotism for our College, we stop, since self-praise is half scandal, but we must add that the half has not yet been told concerning these heathen who the State is trying to educate in its institutions.—R. A., '21.

The Passing Years

MABLE STAMPER, '22 DIKEAN

They are gone!
Those days of long ago
When care was strange to me;
When spring-time carols sung
Careless in blossomed tree
By robin, thrush, and wren,
Filled my young heart with glee!

They are gone!
Those friends who never failed
Through trials great or small,
But held me, nor complained;
Who, when I wandered, called,
And led me home once more—
Those friends are gone—gone all!

They are gone!
And new things take their place—
Things strange, unknown to me;
But still, each day I try
These things to know and see,
So that, when these are gone,
I'll know the Things-to-be!



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Near the Parting of the Ways

MYRTLE WARREN, '23 DIKEAN

It was a big, wide-porched green-shuttered farm house, old fashioned and built for comfort. The rows upon rows of trees that intervened between it and the curving country road, gave it a certain air of aloofness that was accentuated rather than relieved by the throngs of people who now lined the shady walks and crowded the porches and spacious chambers. It was not a palatial house by any means, but Edward Covington took a great deal of satisfaction in the thought that his family had always known a comfortable home there. He sauntered down to the barn that morning, for a last look at the sleek, fat cattle eating contentedly at the ricks, but the unaccustomed throng of people who tied their teams to his fence and filed gaspingly through his front gate discomfited him terribly; so he turned back aimlessly in the direction of the house—a big boned, powerful man, whose sixty-five years, spent for the most part in the fields, but with marvellously preserved his vitality, his face being bronzed and white bearded, and his eyes grey and level gazed. There was about him the quiet air of self-reliance and determination, that had made four generations of Covingtons the most important factors in the community, as he stood at the old spring house that his father had built so many years before, and dipped the gourd into the cool depths, on his way to the house.

It seemed to him that the water had never tasted quite so good. While he stood drinking slowly, an old man

came hobbling down the secluded path that led from the house to the spring, where the crowd had not yet trespassed. He approached Covington with an embarrassment which, despite of a half century of friendship he was unable to conceal.

"Ed," he cried, his old voice shaking gustily, "is this true—what Nancy tells my Marthy?"

Covington eyed his old neighbor steadily before answering.

For a moment the words stuck in John Marley's throat.

"That—that you're goin' to—to sep—erate?" he blundered finally as if the accusation were too monstrous to make against a man and woman.

Covington's jaws came together with a quick snap.

"It was the agreement between us that nobody outside our own family, except Lawyer Wilson and Colonel Moffet was to know till everything was over. Nancy had no business to tell Marthy, nor nobody else," he replied gruffly.

"Then—it's—true!" ejaculated Marley agast.

"Why, Ed, Marthy jest thought that Nancy had gone plum crazy when she told her about it. Even puttin her story along side this auction and sale business didn't convince us, we just thought she had gone plumb daft. But don't blame Nancy fur it, you see she's knowed Marthy all her life, and she said she just had to pour out her heart to somebody—but, oh, don't blame her—it wont get any

further with us. My God; man, after all these years workin' side by side enjoyin' and sufferin' side by side, can't the thing be patched up some way—?Can't—”

“There, now, John Marley, don't meddle,” blazed Covington; “it's our own affair. Each one of us has chosen his road, and we are going to stick to that choice,—least ways I am. Things have gone too far now for me to change my mind as long's I've got a speck of pride left. It's our own affair, so let us manage it.”

He hung up the gourd and stalked sternly along the path to the house, avoiding the porches and entering by the side door that opened on the rear hall, the lower portion of which was thrown open causing him to glimpse his wife in the big front room to the left.

She had pushed her way through the groups of unsuspecting friends who crowded the room—her face serene and apparently untroubled—and stood with her hand resting gently on the old piano—a tall commanding figure, with dark hair, dark eyes, and dark complexion. As her eyes traveled over the yellow keys, her face was beautifully softened by an unusually sad expression of her dark, earnest eyes.

Covington took all of this in at a glance; a wave of tenderness came over him and he thought of what Marley had said only a few minutes before—“Can't it be patched up some way?” Just at that moment he felt as though he would be willing to make the stitches in the patch himself, but the next, he was filled with bitter rage that she should be so untouched by the tragedy of their lives.

Proud as he knew her to be, he had thought, in the little time the whirl of trouble had given him for thinking that somehow her pride must yield to his stubbornness in this case, as it had so often done before. But it had not and the breach had widened until it was a chasm which threatened to engulf the happiness of the few years left to them.

With a sudden defiant lifting of the head, he entered the room to the right. Where were the men and women whom he had known all of his life? There were the wives and husbands whose playmates he had been, and whose children he had reared almost with his own. He mingled with them as had always been his custom and was kept quite busy explaining what he and his wife had given out already by agreement—that they were tired of farming—the old life was too hard for them, and that they had determined to auction off everything and move to the city for a change. He, who all of his life had been given to speak the truth—and that bluntly—found the new task no easy one. It irritated him to know that his wife, who had always been so dependent upon him could face the ordeal with such apparent composure.

The two old friends whom they had found it necessary to acquaint with their plans, received the news as they would have received the news of the old couple's death. Lawyer Wilson thought it was to have been expected long ago of people as proud as Edward Covington and his wife, but Colonel Moffet shrewdly blamed the disaster upon the meddlesome children who had inherited the temper and pride of their respective parents, along with some less desirable qualities from more distant forebears.

At five minutes of ten, Colonel Moffet left his place on the porch and entered the house, his keen black eyes traveling over the faces around him until they met Covington's. Then he beckoned the old farmer to him and drew him back to the rear hall.

“Ed, you're still determined to sell out and—” He did not finish the sentence.

Covington's level gaze met the anxious eyes of his life-time friend.

“I'd have told you if I'd changed my mind,” he said grimly.

Without another word Colonel Moffet made his way back to the front room. He was a white-haired, silvery voiced old gentleman of the type

which is too fast disappearing. Every man, woman and child for miles around knew him, and loved him. Educated for the law, he had returned from the Civil War and taken up the more humble calling of auctioneer, for reasons he had never deigned to give, altho there were some who declared that his unrequited love for the girl Covington had married had taken all the zest of life from him and left him ambitionless. For years his auctions had been the events of the countryside, rivaling the comings of the most noted political speakers, both in the crowds they drew and the entertainment they afforded.

As he took a position near the piano and raised his hand for silence, his usual gaiety of manner gave way to the solemnity that was almost ministerial.

"Friends," he began, "you all know that nothing but the very best, ever came into this house. Ed and Nancy Covington are too genuine themselves to have ever permitted anything shoddy about them. The fact that an article is sold from this house is a guarantee that it is the best that money can buy.

"I shall start the day's business with the sale of this grand old piano. You know this instrument—most of you have sung or danced to its music right here in this room. They made honest pianos forty-five years ago, friends, because they made honest men then. Nancy's father gave this piano to her when she was a girl seventeen years old. It was a birthday gift, and I remember as well as if it had been yesterday, the day they brought it up to the door there. It took a four horse team to haul it from the station and while I admit the roads were a trifle bad then, it gives you an idea of the weight of it. There's no veneer in this case—it's solid mahogany.

"And the tone! The first time I heard Nancy play it made me think of rainbows of sound! It was one night when she was home from the Seminary. Ed was there that night—he had just begun keeping company with Nancy

then, and there were a few others whom I see here now—Luke Walden and his wife there in the corner, and the Widow Philips over there by the door—and why yes, the Malthy's in the other room.

"My, I'll never forget how Nancy played 'The Maiden's Prayer' and 'The Storm'—now that was a terribly difficult piece, with thunder, lightning and rain, and all that sort of thing in it. Then there was 'Silvery Waves' and 'The Black Key Mazurka.' When she finished the fancy music she had learned up at the Seminary, she cut loose on 'Old Dan Tucker,' 'Speed the Plow' and 'Miss Cinda.' Her father was a red hot Methodist and when Nancy came to those tunes some of us young folks sneaked out and danced them on the lawn. All but Ed—" he paused a moment and gave one glance toward Ed, who sat with his head buried in his hands. Then the Colonel seemed to realize that he was calling undue attention to his friend, but he cleared his throat and continued—"No sir, you couldn't have pulled Ed away from that piano with all the king's horses. I can just see Nancy and Ed. as they were that night, he leaning over the music rack, while her fingers darted about the keys like swallows.

"And I'll never forget the time their engagement was announced. After every one had congratulated them and toasted them, we all gathered about the piano and sang 'Then You'll Remember Me' and 'Douglas, Tender and True.' I never hear the tinkle of this old instrument that I don't think of the day a few months after, when they married. Susan McKenzie played the wedding march and Ed and Nancy came down the stairs together and marched over there by the big bay window, where an altar of flowers and ever-greens had been arranged."

Memory had lifted the veil and caused Ed. Covington to look and listen, and had led him back into the fairy land of vanished years. To him all the songs were phantoms, all the

faces and forms were dreams. He sat there, looking, listening, and dreaming. While he dreamed he heard the soft strains of love songs floating out like the incense of flowers on the summer air. They thrilled him and seemed to call him with their melody. He straightened up, looked about him, and sighed.

"Oh, it has always sounded happiness and good cheer, this old piano," continued the Colonel. "It has stood here and played into the ardent love of youth, and then tears and joys of consummated love, which after all is the sweetest thing that can come to any of us, and at last, the hopes and prayers of the evening of life. Is it any wonder that it fairly quivers out an ecstasy of music whenever it's old keys are touched?"

"I remember so well way back in the seventies when a blight of panic was over the land. Ed had mortgaged the farm, and the three crop failures that followed had brought him closer to ruin than any of us at the time dreamed of. One night on my way from town, I stopped here and Ed told me all about his terrible straights almost distracted with the thought of his terrible loss. Finally Nancy, who had been listening to it all, got up and went to the piano, and with tears still in her eyes, played and sang until we almost forgot the trouble.

"Give me a woman with a little music in her soul,—a noble woman like Nancy Covington, who has borne her share of the burdens of forty years, who has cheered and helped, as we are all ready to bear witness, who has sung when things looked darkest, and has laughed when she felt like crying,—and then, give me a noble old instrument like this to help her song along."

Covington shifted his feet nervously and braced himself up.

"If I were an old man, I should buy it for the sentiment it has entwined with its harmonies here in this house, the songs it has accompanied—songs that came from a good woman's heart, for the memories of the long happy life

it awakens. And if I were a young man I would buy it, for the happiness it seems to typify, that my wife might dream her dreams where another noble woman dreamed hers, that she might sing her songs whereof love truth and life have been sung."

He stopped for an instant and the crowd pushed nearer. When he resumed his voice lost its appealing and there was left only the exciting tone of the professional auctioneer.

"Gentlemen, what am I offered for this fine old instrument? Speak up, Speak up!"

The crowd moved as Ed Covington elbowed his way towards the piano, his grim face pale and drawn and his eyes dimmed by tears.

"Hold Colonel," he cried, reaching out a detaining hand, "I—I've decided to reserve the piano. I—don't—want it sold."

A look of triumph shot from the Colonel's black eyes.

"But Mr. Covington, what do you—?"

Ed looked anxiously around to see his wife, and hear her answer, only to get a glimpse of her as she disappeared out of the room. But his eyes followed her until she entered the other room and closed the door behind her.

"Mr. Covington wishes to reserve the piano," he said quietly, "We'll now proceed to something else."

Some of the older people smiled shyly while the strangers in the room turned toward him wonderingly.

Colonel Moffet got down from his box and went into the old fashioned dining room, where he took his place beside the heavy oak table while Ed lingered for a while in the hall-way hoping to get a glance of Nancy—but did not; so pushed in with the crowd. Something of the Colonel's old time facetiousness had returned, and there was a buoyancy of life in his white head and a confident note in his silvery tones that reminded the older people of those times when they used to stop the bidding to cheer his eloquence and wit.

"The next article I offer for your

consideration, friends, is this fine old dining room set."

He paused for a moment and indicated the broad table, the substantial chairs and the massive side board.

"There is about an old dining table something which, to my mind, symbolizes the sancity of family unity," he resumed, "three times every day a family gathers around its board. There for the time being, are merged those different interests which the years inevitably bring to every family circle. There the insistent demand of nature compels a flag of truce in the midst of the most trivial of domestic hostilities. Ever since civilization has decreed that man must provide for his family, the world has been prone to mesasure him by the good things he daily spreads for them. Ed Covington has certainly never fell short of the world's standard."

Nancy had emerged by this time from the front room, and had quietly taken a seat on the bottom steps of the stair where she could see Ed plainly. And as the Colonel's words reached her ears, a big lump rose in her throat, which she tried in vain to swallow.

"Right here, I must recall something which until now, had almost been covered by the dust of years. One bitter cold afternoon, in the midst of a raging blizzard, I met Ed coming out of a store in Hopedale. He was tucking a package in his pocket, and when I asked him, jokingly, what precious thing had taken him all the way from home on such a day, he told me that he had ridden all the way to Hopedale to get some tea. When I asked him if he couldn't get any at the station, he fumbled into his gloves and then answered as if ten miles on such a day were nothing at all. 'O, why they're out of the kind Nancy likes over at the station.'

"I am surely old enough now, friends to be pardoned my habit of reminescence and when I offer this splendid old set for your bidding, I can't help saying—"

There was a gentle movement of the crowd to the right, Nancy coming forth from where she had been listening. Her sweet old voice was so tremulous, that it could be scarcely heard even in the silence that suddenly prevailed.

"Colonel Moffet, I don't—think—I can—let, can—stand to see the old set—go," she wavered brokenly.

"Oh, Nancy!!!" gasped Covington, as he held out his trembling arms to his life partner.

"Mrs. Covington reserves the dining room set," said the Colonel with a brusqueness that was altogether assumed. "And now before I proceed I should like to see Mrs. Covington and her husband alone for a moment, that I may not run counter to their reserve list which I—I—er—well—er—seemed to have misplaced," he finally blundered.

A moment later he had brought the old couple together in the front room, up stairs. Covington's big arms went out suddenly and gathered the sobbing wife to him.

The Colonel left them and pulled the door gently shut. He waited a while in the shadows of the upper landing, then went below, mounted the chair and looked smilingly around him.

"Uncle Ed and Aunt Nancy have found some of their old things more precious than they thought," he said. "They are sorry to have caused you this trouble of coming, and I announce for them, that until a definite list can be determined upon, this auction is postponed."

Upstairs, Covington and his wife watched the crowd depart, their old faces, holding the traces of tears of happiness.

"It just seemed to me the Colonel was auctioning off my very heart," said Nancy sobbingly.

"And mine, too, wifie." replied Ed, patting her shoulders with his wrinkled old hand.

In the yard below, a group of men accosted the auctioneer.

"Sort o' fizzle, eh, Colonel?" inquired one.

Colonel Moffet nodded discreetly as if to acquiesce in common opinion.

But once under the cover of his

old top sulky, he gave one wistful look at the upstairs window of the big white house, and then smiled contentedly as he drove away.

Consolation

MABLE STAMPER, '22 DIKEAN

My soul was plunged in deep despair,
And all foreboding evils came;
It seemed that all the world had turned,
My every kindly act had spurned—
And all was dark.
I fretted; groped in darkness, Care
Came whisp'ring, "Lost—and who's to blame?"
And shrouded in that cloak of gloom,
My soul was shut, nor was there room
For joy; but hark—!

A voice came pleading through the night
To soothe my weary, aching heart:
The Voice that stilled the ocean wild,
As mother soothes her fearing child,
Said, "Peace, be still!"
Then through the darkness came a light
That shattered Evil's piercing dart;
And soothed by His unfailing word,
I humbly prayed, "Help me, O Lord,
To do Thy will."

Should Immigration Be Restricted?

The debate that helped to win the Bernau loving cup for the Adelpian Literary Society for three successive victories in the Inter-Society Annual debating contest.

ELIZABETH O. SMITH, '21 ADELPHIAN

Madam Chairman, My Opponents, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

Question—

Resolved that immigration to the United States should be further restricted—a subject we Americans have been debating since our Puritan forefathers burned Quakers on Boston common—the Irish in 1820, the Germans in 1848—with what violence the “no-nothing party” fought to keep them out. And now the people of Southern Europe must be excluded. With each succeeding wave of immigration, the cry has gone up, “they will ruin our country”, and YET we stand in 1919 the youngest, the most progressive country in the world. A nation of immigrants fighting to keep out immigrants.

People all over the world to-day are undergoing a period of terrible unrest—“an upheaval of ideas” that is the direct and natural result of the greatest war the world has ever known. A war for rights of small nations and for humanity. And yet we do not seem to realize that that great forms unduly change and progress are causing our inconvenience—we are humans, we must lay the blame for our aggregation of troubles on some one concrete object. We look around us, our eyes light on the humble hard working immigrant, Americas Industrial Beast of Burden—and we call forth in a loud voice there he is, it is the immigrant! He lowers wages, he lowers our standing of living, he causes strikes to be, HE is the I. W. W. HE is the Bolshevik. We have

FOUND OUR GOAT AND we proceed to ride him.

Friends, my reference has been only to that particular group of weeping philosophers who are always looking for some dire calamity to fall upon our NATION. We all remember the predicted blowing up of New York by the Germans scarcely a year before the armistice was signed.

Let us therefore look the Immigration question squarely AND fairly in the face. We grant our opponents that there are a certain types of newcomers which ARE absolutely a menace to the welfare of our nation—if NOT kept out!

But we maintain after a careful study of the laws we already have that FURTHER restriction to the United States is necessary because *not* First.—The present laws are adequate if properly enforced.

They exclude all really undesirable classes.

To be exact honorable judges Article I. Sec. 3.—debars all idiots, imbecils, feeble minded, persons having had one or more attacks of insanity, paupers, beggars, vagrants, PERSONS liable to become a public charge, children under 16 years of age, persons affected with T. B. or any other dangerous or contagious diseases—prostitutes or persons coming to the United States for any immoral purpose—contract laborers, stowaways, anarchists, or persons who believe in or advocate the overthrow by violence or force the government of United States of all forms of law or who advocate or teach the unlawful des-

struction of property. Of the classes we have just mentioned 2,810 were excluded during the last year. In addition to this excluding the mentally, morally, physically, and politically unfit, we have put a ban on those aliens coming from certain portions of Asia, including two-thirds of China—as a result of this law we have had scarcely any Chinese immigrants for the past several years.

In order to show you something of the effectiveness of these laws our opponents, we would like to mention the fact that during the past year which was a very poor year for immigration, 7,297 aliens were debarred from our shores.

On May 1, 1917 the so-called Illiteracy Test went into effect—under it all aliens not able to pass the prescribed reading test are kept out. If the Sponsor for this bill was correct in his assertion of Feb. 1917 that it would keep out 60% of the immigration to this country from Southern Europe—then the SAME statement should hold true today, for we have watched the papers closely but have not learned of any unusual educational movement on foot in Europe. Then the most that could possibly come in would be 400,000 IF conditions had been normal but we mustn't forget that, THAT continent lost 10,000,000 men thru death and disability during the war. Also we would add that 1,598 aliens were excluded in 1918 on the literacy test alone. Then TELL me, fellow citizens in the light of reason how could a million untrained but literate workers flood our country. You answer NO—Such a thing is not probable.

Our opponents will doubtless say that under our present laws a great number of alien seamen and other undesirables slip in by way of our unprotected borders and coasts. Quite true and true also that smugglers would be more adroit than ever if entrance is further restricted or prohibited altogether.

The difficulty of enforcing new laws is always great—the DIFFICULTY of

enforcing a law that would strike a blow at the INDUSTRIAL development of the United States would be incalculable.

Instead of more laws and restrictions to be broken, we suggest sufficient appropriations by Congress to the various departments for enforcement of ENTRANCE requirements, proper distribution of immigrants on arrival, for guarding our miles of frontier against illegal entry—"until now it has NEVER been sufficient" says Camenetti Commander General of Immigrants at Washington. Acting Secretary of labor Ambercomb says—"what the United States needs is an increase of border patrols and coast guards PLUS an effective 'follow up system'"—THIS would act as a deterrent because few aliens would risk entering if they felt uneasy after getting here.

Our deportation laws section 19 provide that ANY alien lawfully entitled to be in the United States under our present laws shall be apprehended and deported at any time within 5 years after entry. This clause refers specifically to the anarchistic type. In January alone of this year 210 of these persons were deported after landing. Still stricter enforcement of our deportation laws would cut down our number of undesirables amazingly.

Cammetti at Washington reports that during the war larger appropriations were granted for guarding our unprotected frontiers. As a result 1,014 aliens were apprehended and deported on the Mexican border alone. In May of 1918 this protective measure was removed as a result the "mice have begun to play again" Service to be effective MUST be continuous. What one of you, my friends, would build a beautiful new house and because you had failed to keep it up become disgusted tear it down and say "it leaks it is unsightly therefore I will not have it." What better proof that the leak is NOT in our present laws but in the way they are enforced. We have a book full of restrictions. Why not use them?

Cog. Husted of New York made this story known as related to him by the collector of port at Norfolk. "Our Immigration bureau," he said, "has not been active in deporting such people with the Bolsheviki movement. Some time ago the steam ship Omske arrived at Norfolk with 50 of its passengers admittedly propagandists. The collector turned these people over of the commissioner of Immigrants to hold until he could get a warrant for their arrest. The commissioner paid no attention to his request and turned these people loose in Norfolk. The collector got a posse of CITIZENS, rounded them up and had them deported. He then went to Washington to protest against the action of the commissioner of immigrants. Altho he was backed by a prominent United States senator he could not get the commissioner discharged, only succeeded in having him transferred to another part of the country. What better evidence could we have that the remedy is with the law rather than making further restrictions.

Honorable judges we submit these valid reasons why our present laws if properly enforced are sufficient to keep out the undesirables we have shown that the remedy lies not in further restrictions but in larger appropriations by Congress for carrying out our present stringent laws against immigration.

We take it therefore that the affirmative in advocating further restriction can only suggest one of 2 plans now pending in Congress. First, a bill intended to prohibit immigration for a period of 4 years with a few exceptions.

Second, a bill to limit the number of aliens entering the United States in a year to the number who have since become naturalized from that country, the naturalized males above 21 years of age. We are opposed to these bills on grounds that they are both unwise and impracticable.

First, The proposed prohibition bill for 4 years is unwise.

1. It is not based upon the grounds

of physical or mental disability, immorality, or the entertainment of dangerous doctrines and theories of government, but proceeds on the basis that ALL immigration is harmful. If this policy had been pursued in the past what would the United States been as a nation today? An examination of the antecedents of our members of Congress shows that the blood of nearly every nationality of Europe is flowing in their veins.

Second. It would exclude our allies in the recent war. English, French, Belgian, Italian all fall alike under the ban of this proposed legislation. Have we forgotten so quickly those principals for which our sons and adopted sons died in the war?

Third. The percentage bill is unwise because it is an attempt to legislate for a period of several years. Hence on a basis of temporary abnormal conditions. The main argument as stated by the sponsors for these bills is that they will prevent an "influx of untrained workers."

As mentioned before we can find no reliable evidence that a million untrained workers will flood our shores in the next few years. To the contrary, past history shows that after the readjustment period immigration will check itself by natural means.

Europe's productive man power is greatly deceased. Then who will rebuild bridges, roads, railways, factories and resume agriculture in the vast destroyed areas of Serbia and Italy?

We answer it is the good honest untrained laborer, he always gravitates where there is work to be done.

The New York Evening Post says, "Italy as well as other countries has an industrial program on foot intended to remove the cause for immigration by giving her laborers that which they formerly sought in America, good wages and decent living condition!".

Take for example the new government formed like Jugo-Slavia, Checko-Slovakia, Ukrania and Poland. They are establishing democracies that will inspire their inhabitants to take more

pride in their own nationality and thus check the flow of emigration from those countries.

Again the percentage bill is unreasonable because it bases naturalization on the number of males over 21 years of age, while those excluded as a result includes both men and women. Women are needed in domestic service as well as men in agricultural and constructive works.

4. The percentage bill would be very difficult to carry out in actual practice owing to the fact so many new states have been created.

Take Poland for example. She is composed of Russia, Prussia and Austria. On what basis of past naturalization could we base representation from that nation.

Likewise the Jews. We defy anyone to attempt to place their naturalization on a basis of nationality. The Jews coming to the United States came because deprived of their nationality and because of religious persecution.

Therefore we conclude that the proposed plans for further restrictions are unwise and impractical.

III Our opponents may argue that we must exclude the immigrants they introduce so-called Bolsheviki ideas. We contend that further restriction of immigration is not the remedy to apply as a preventative. We are convinced that our present laws if properly enforced will do as much as any laws can do. Those ideas are here already. You may exclude men and women by law, but you can never exclude ideas. The world has tried that too often.

Next our opponents will argue that we must check immigration to prevent the spread of those ideas. It is not restriction of immigration that will prevent the spread. Is it not the presence of foreigners that spreads unrest? Laborers, whether American or foreigners, are growing restless under a system which makes possible the payment of low wages, and unreasonably high cost of living. Even the usually calm, sane man of middle class and good American birth wants

to double up his fist and hit some one who is guilty of what President Wilson calls "heartless profiteering."

We must recognize also that not all unrest is Bolshevism. No one sees this more clearly than does President Wilson, when he warns Congress to beware of repressing unjustly those who advocate fundamental reforms in our system of orderly methods. What is the President's plan for preventing the spread of unrest? Would he exclude those who come to our shores seeking a chance to escape from the hardships of the Old World? No indeed. He has the interest of all humanity too much at heart.

The following are his words: "The only way to keep men from agitating against grievances is to remove the grievance." He does not say "remove the men" or what counts the same "keep them out." Clearly he recognizes that there is real cause for discontent in this country which must be removed, whether or not we have more immigrants.

All sane and thoughtful persons believe there is comparatively speaking little real Bolshevism here. The number of such agitators is small indeed among our vast population of 110,000,000.

The present hysterical discussion of the question represents a temporary scare. One case of violence, bursts into the headlines of the newspapers. We read it in terror and say—"this is the work of foreigners, all foreigners must be excluded!"

Frightened out of our sanity we forget entirely the millions of foreign-workers who are toiling steadily and loyally on—without protest by word or action, asking nothing more than a chance to make a decent living for themselves and their families.

Amid all of this talk of the red terror we have not heard any convincing proof that our so-called Bolshevike are foreigners of the dangerous variety. Are all Bolsheviki foreigners? Haywood, notorious leader of the I. W. W. bears a name of good American origin. Let us not forget that England and

France have comparatively speaking no immigration and yet they too have their radicals and their labor problems as great as ours. Does this not mean that the immigration is not the heart of the movement?

IV. Honorable Judges, ladies and gentlemen we submit that further restrictions of immigration is unnecessary—

1. Our present laws if properly enforced are adequate for keeping out all really undesirable classes. That the task can be reminded by sufficient appropriations by Congress for the enforcement of present entrance requirements, deportation laws, distribution bureaus, more numerous frontier guards and an effective follow up system.

2. That the proposed further restrictions are unwise and impractical because:

a. They are based on temporary abnormal conditions.

b. Evidences do not prove that there will be an influx of untrained labor in next several years.

c. The policy of basing immigration on past naturalization and

nationality would be very difficult to carry out in actual practice.

d. That it is unjust because not based on grounds of fitness of the immigrant.

3. That further restrictions of immigration to the United States is not the proper solution of the Bolsheviki or Red movement and is it not so that Bolshevism is merely a transplanted weed springing from the seed of discontent in the heart of Russia by centuries of oppression. But in America! America the land of the free, it is inconceivable that this weed can flourish. Let us have done with this temporary overrated scare! Can we sane, liberty loving Americans sacrifice because of this prejudice and a momentary uneasiness, the hope of the future?

America, the immigrant nation, who represents the hopes, the aspirations and achievements of the pioneer souls from every nationality, can we, a nation founded on immigration, who have so recently proclaimed to the world our championship of Humanity thus betray our noblest mission, by slamming the doors in the face of that very humanity—we cannot.



Rain

EMELINE GOFORTH, '22 DIKEAN

The rain has become a part of me
And I a part of it.
On dark, damp nights as I watch the dying embers of
the fire
The soothing song of the rain
Talks to my very soul
And I love it.

Evening Star

EMELINE GOFORTH, '22 DIKEAN

Oh star of the evening
With calmness smiling upon me
I thank you for your confidence in me.
I gratefully return my confidence to you.
I am tired.
Not physically tired
But sprirtually tired.
Since you befriend me every night
When I turn my tired face to you
I shall smile again
Sincerely.

The Legend of Blowing Rock

ELIZABETH JONES, '22 CORNELIAN

It was sunset in the land of the sky—and the land of the sky blue waters—a glorious sunset behind the well-cut features of Grandfather Mountain. The calm of the evening was only broken now and then by the song of a bird as he wafted thru the air and lighted on a branch of a balsom tree. Truly this was a beauteous evening, calm and free, an evening in a country where as yet no white man had come to cut down the trees—to destroy “God’s first temple.”

Seated on a high rock, overlooking a wild panorama of trees, and rivers, and lofty mountains, were two Indian lovers. They had come to their trysting place—far away from the tribe—and all of it’s war dances and entertainments—had come to their trysting place, where every day—at sunset—they met—and loved. Today as they sat looking dreamingly off into the hazy distance, Big Bear, the noted warrior of the tribe, the lover of Laughing Water, dipped far into the future. What did it hold for him? A life-long full of days on the hunting ground, and nights in the wigwam of his father, the Big chief?—or did it hold the promise of a wigwam, in which dwelt with him in almost unearthly happiness this lythe, beautiful, dreamy eyed love of his? Prompted by his thoughts he turned, and taking the strong well shaped hand of Laughing Water, he said, “will you come with me to my wigwam, Laughing Water?” The object of his love with a mischievously cunning light in her eye, replied, “I come with you to your wigwam?—No, not I. You must spend your life more profitably. I shall be content with my own campfire.”

Big Bear, with a light in his eye, half of love for Laughing Water, half of anger at his rejection, rose quickly

from his seat beside her, looked for one brief moment deep into the dark eyes that met his, half laughingly, half scornfully, then said with a determined voice:

“Then I shall go to the happy hunting ground forever.”

With this, and before the maid realized the seriousness of his act, Big Bear leaped from the edge of the overhanging rocks on which they had sat, leaped far out, and disappeared from view. For several moments Laughing Water sat in utter stupefaction. Was she dreaming that her lover had leaped from the rocks, far, far down into the valley? Was that he, whom she had visualized, lying mangled down, far down below in the valley? Good God! Why had she spoken as she had, when she loved him as she had loved never anyone in all the world? Why had he taken her words so seriously, when she was frequently teasing. Of course she had been jealous of that other Indian maiden whom Big Bear had once spoken of, but surely he could detect jealousy, and not a lack of faith. Suddenly, as if the realization of her barren life seemed now to recah her, she rose, stepped to the edge of the cliff, and lifting her hands towards heaven, she closed her eyes. For a second she stood breathless, ready to leap off the cliff. Then as if by a miracle up from under the cliff came the figure of the one she loved. It was Big Bear himself. He took her in his arms, as she burst into tears. Thus they stood there united, entranced in the safe return to each other, dazed by the wonderfulness of it. Even as they stood there, poised, it seemed on the very edge of the cliff, the strong breeze which had been the means of returning Big Bear to Laughing Water

almost blew the two lovers back against the ragged rocks. But, they, regardless of the danger, stood lost in almost immortal love—safe—and free—and happy.

Years have passed. Civilization has found her way into the mountains of Western North Carolina. The red men have long ago disappeared. In their stead, are now found the rich white men who leave the hot busy city, who came to rest, and to thrive on the fresh, ever-present breezes.

And still the rocks stands unchanged, and still the breeze comes up from under the rocks, carrying up, to the delight of tourists, their hats, and boxes and handkerchiefs which they throw off the rocks, in order to test the legend, which is so familiar to every mountaineer for miles around. And the great grey craig, high up on the mountain, the craig, still bathed in a haze of romance, remains the goal of many a tourist, who comes for miles to see the famous Blowing Rock.

A Line o' Cheer

ELIZABETH JONES, '22 DIKEAN

Some folks seem so cheery,
But others seem so sad;
Why is it we all
Can't be—just glad?

There's beauty all around us
In everything we see,
And joy fills in the corners
For everyone—and me.

Perhaps, for all the beauty
The sad folks haven't looked
For all the woodsprite joy
That lives in every nook.

If you are a sad one
And don't know how to grin,
Just keep your "peepers" open
And beauty will soak in.

The Dance Fairy

ELIZABETH JONES, '22 CORNELIAN

Whirling and swaying in movement light;
Skipping and gliding, poising for flight
With her wind-swept hair and carefree grace
On tiptoe running at lightening pace;
Springing and leaping, happy and free;
That is the way I'm longing to be.

The Story of Junaluska

VERA L. WARD, '21 ADELPHIAN

Those who are acquainted with Indian history and traditions know that they are a race of people who have many peculiar customs. One of these that is especially interesting is the naming of their children, they usually remaining unnamed for several months and then if possible, being given one by their grandparents. Among some tribes these manners are hereditary, but others derive them from circumstances in regard to birth—from dreams, or at other peculiar incidents, giving the child always the privilege of changing the name.

Junaluska belonged to the tribe of Cherokees, and it is believed that he was born about the year 1758. In his childhood he was known as Gul-kala-ski, referring to something falling it is thought, but it is not known just why it was given him. When Junaluska grew to be a man the Cherokee and the Creeks were bitter enemies and at the outbreak of the Creek war he raised a small army of his tribe and boasted that he was going "to exterminate the Creeks." He was not successful, however, and after this incident he was known as Tsunulahun-ski—"one who tries but fails." and later the whites corrupted this name to Junaluska.

He distinguished himself as a great warrior in the battle of Horseshoe Bend, Gallapoosa County, Alabama, when General Andrew Jackson's force numbering about two thousand men, five hundred of which were Cherokee Indians, met a large Creek army. The Cherokees rendered such valuable assistance to the American General in defeating the Creeks that Junaluska's threat to "exterminate the Creeks" was in a measure fulfilled.

Cherokee happiness, however, did not continue for many years because

the oppression was beginning which deprived them of their government, their rights, and finally drove them from the land of their fathers—a sad, sad story in American history. When Jackson was elected President, it was very soon discovered that he was hostile to them, and from this time on they received no rest. Georgia passed an act annexing that part of the Cherokee Country within her chartered limits and extended her jurisdiction over it, restrictions being planned upon the Indians which made their lives intolerable.

The Cherokee appealed to the President and to Congress for aid, but with no avail, the struggle going on until a treaty was finally signed in December 1835, by which they ceded to the United States its territory east of the Mississippi for fifteen billion dollars, and were moved at the expense of the government, to the western Indian Reservation.

Junaluska was among the number of fugitives who were driven from the land of their birth. He was not satisfied in his new home, however, and was soon drawn back to his old home among the hills of Western North Carolina. Many times he was heard to remark "If I had known that Jackson would drive us from our homes, I would have killed him that day at the Horseshoe." But the State legislature, in recognition of his services, conferred upon the old Indian the right of citizenship and granted to him three hundred and thirty acres of land in Graham County.

"Junaluska died about the year of 1858 at the age of more than one hundred years. They laid him under the trees in the land of his birth, and over his bed the wild vines lovingly weave a coverlid of softest green. All his

woodland friends gather around his couch. Forest and hill sing the songs he loved. All day the sunlight lays its wealth in bars of gold at his feet, and at night the moonlight things and shadow things come out to play." There is no greater American who has a greater or more enduring monument than this old Indian chief. His was not only erected by man but by God, and it will endure throughout the ages. Mount Junaluska "bathed in the everlasting sunshine of the land of the sky or wrapped in mantles of untrodden snow, and Lake Junaluksa (man's contribution) which nestles at its base and from its depths reflects as a vast warrior the incomparable

splendor of the surrounding hills, lofty mountains and gorgeous sunsets" are monuments which will long keep him in remembrance. They are indeed places of enchantment, and are appreciated much more if one is acquainted with the history of the Cherokee which once roamed the mountains of Western North Carolina. Their memories and traditions have been handed down from father to son. "The whole country is haunted ground, and the landscape beautiful in themselves, become twice glorified by the glamor thrown around and about them by the genius of the story teller."

Dawn

EMELINE GOFORTH, '22 DIKEAN

Sweet is the breath of the wind
 As I scale the breeze-swept hill top.
 Sweet is the voice of life in my ear
 As, just at sunrise,
 I drink deep of the pure freshness
 Of a rare, glorified dawn.
 Hand in hand with the freshness and goodness of living
 I turn with the new-born day
 To the open road.

Six Twenty

KATHRYN WILLIS, '20 ADELPHIAN

Hark! upon my wholesome slumbers tolls the bell's low dismal ring,
 Then I do not feel poetic; numbered words I can not sing
 For I growl, and grown, and stretch—and blink—and often yawn—
 Until I see the sunrise as it paints a rosy dawn.
 Then I gaze upon the sight thru the windows clearest pane;
 And I can not turn away, but must look and look again—
 Must see the gorgeous colors as they streak the misty gray;
 Must see the whole world's freshness at the dawning of a day;
 Must see the town's dark shadows carved upon the eastward sky;
 Must see the changing pictures as the clouds go floating by;
 Must revel in its peace; must see its beauty too;
 Must forget my tiny self as I start my day anew.

Treasures

MARY H. BLAIR, '21 CORNELIAN

You've seen an old autographed album,
 The kind that our mothers possess,
 Where each of their youthful companions
 Has written a name and address,
 With a verse or a line
 In Spencerian fine,
 Their friendship and love to express.

The pages are faded and timeworn,
 The fanciful scrolls of the ink,
 The sentiments comic and tender,
 All lead us to muse and think
 On the meaning they hold
 Of comrades old
 And the chain of glad mem'ries they link.

Tho we have no autograph albums,
 We're keeping the tale of our times,
 Our chums and activities pleasant,
 In records much fuller than rhyme ;
 And when we look back
 We will thank the kodak
 For recalling the joys of our primes.

Our album of old kodak pictures
 To the next generation will seem
 A curious, old fashioned volume,
 Affording amusement extreme;
 And the way we are dressed
 Will to them be a jest
 Tho our clothes now look fair as a dream.

And yet, as they laugh over our look, *books*
 Dear chronicle of the days past,
 They'll gather mementoes of their friends
 And tokens of youth, flying past;
 Like the autograph book
 And the pictures we took,
 They will be cherished treasures at last.

Contributor's Club

Et Cetera

NANNIE MAE SMITH, '21 ADELPHIAN

Many years ago, in a century long past, there was on this very Western portion of the Earth's surface a curious race of people who called themselves Americans. It is very interesting to us Earthians to note some of customs and peculiarities of these people who without doubt were the remote ancestors of the people living on the earth at the present time.

It happened one day to be my great fortune to have access to the limited number of volumes of this curious people, which were preserved at the time of the catastrophe of the fatal sun spot on the Seventeenth of December in the memorable year of nineteen hundred and nineteen. At this time we all know the Earth, although not completely destroyed, was greatly devastated.

Interested as I am in these Americans you may be certain that I wasted no time in perusing these ancient volumes, which by the way were written on a peculiar substance called paper manufactured by them by means of a process, the art of which was lost at the time of the aforesaid fatal sunspot.

These volumes contained accounts and descriptions of the lives, the customs, the institutions and the government of the Americans and strange to say, many, in fact nearly all of these things were written by men. O fellow-women, fancy! Written by men, all of them! This and many other things in the volumes led me to think that nearly all of the activities of that day, nearly all of the functions of social and political

organizations were performed by men. To the women of this day, a time when the government and all forms of civil life are of the women, by the women, and for the women, the idea is atrocious. Is it hard for us to imagine women who would be so negligent of their duties as to allow their men to assume all of the burdens of public life. It makes one's heart bleed to think of those poor miserable men.

My purpose is not, however, to dwell upon the social and political failure of the women of that day or upon the government itself, but to tell you of an exceedingly tragic incident which befell one of their institutions.

In this America, the land of the Americans, there were institutions called colleges. In the State of North Carolina, one of the political divisions of the United States of America, there was a college which, judging from all the descriptions I could find in the ancient volumes, must have been a particularly fine and beautiful one. This college was called the North Carolina College for Women, because of the fact that no men of any kind whatsoever were ever allowed to enter its gates. In this college were found the rudiments of the ideas and ideals which modern women have brought to the State of their fullest development.

However, the descriptions of the customs and dress of the women who received their education there, are enough to wake even the most staid person rock with laughter. I was even so fortunate as to find a page of

pictures torn from an annual called PINE NEEDLES, published yearly by the students of the college. These pictures were supposed to represent according to their traditions, the most scholarly and distinguished persons on the campus, the Seniors. Their costumes were usually composed of a thin mist-like substance called tulle but in some cases this was absent. Their hair instead of being cut short in the efficient manner of the women of today, appeared to be long but was pinned up in some fashion. In all cases, with one or two exceptions, perhaps, there was a voluminous mass arranged over each ear. For this I can see no reason unless perhaps North Carolina had at that time, a very cold climate or that it was placed there to impede the unwelcome sound of meeting in the Chapel on Tuesdays and Thursdays, which I understand from what I have read, were very distasteful to the girls.

There is one girl, however, the tragic story of whom I would like to acquaint you. For her it seems there had been set the task of writing a story. Yes, the stories of that day were hand made and made, as you will soon agree, at a terrible and painful cost. It seems that in order to write a story a very abstract and fleeting substance called "imagination" was necessary. This girl feared that she possessed none. She searched her brain for an idea which might be developed into a story. She thought of Christmas stories, of love stories, of every kind of story that had ever been written, but she could write none of these. She became pale, she tore her hair in frenzy and finally in madness fell to writing words, words, words.

Now what became of the story—if it may be called such, which she wrote—the thing which cost her her sanity? Well, this is it.

When Winter Comes Around

G. WILLIAMS, '23

When old winter comes around
And turns our smiles into frowns,
All we girls hug up tight—
And look an awful sight—
When winter comes around.

The breakfast bell wakes us up
When we have slept half enough,
And we grab our shoes, and twist our hair,
And stampede wildly down the stair—
When winter comes around.

Then we reach the dining room in glee
Only to hear a faint "tee-hee"
As the doorkeepers smile and shiver too,
And say, "you're late; you can't go thru."
When winter comes around.

Then back to our rooms we slowly walk
Frowning some—too cold to talk,
As the wind outside fills us with dread
And makes us wish we'd stayed in bed.
When winter comes around.

The Mine

MARY H. BLAIR, '21 CORNELIAN

Twilight fell softly over the gray sands and the opalescent waves. In the deep blue above them rose the harvest moon, its rich magnificence regally scorning the brilliant chains of lights along the boardwalk. A few late bathers lingered on the beach; and strolling couples began to move leisurely up and down the boardwalk, gaily colored sweaters contrasted with navy blue and white. On the Municipal Pier the band began a one-step, and swiftly the smooth floor was filled with gliding girls and "gobs." Returning hydro-airplanes hummed over the pier on their low flight to the landing. The sky grew deeper and deeper blue, the moon paled till silver, and the lines of the horizon and the shore became indistinct.

Suddenly, in the midst of a fox-trot, the music ceased. From the platform a startling huge call sounded. In the succeeding hush, the director announced that the guards were called in. Here and there, men in uniform hastily separated themselves from the crowd and rushed to their quarters. Again the fox-trot "struck up"; but a rumor began to agitate the crowd, drawing it gradually out of the hall to the outer pier where it formed excited groups scanning the dark gray waters. In a short time the "jimmy-leggs," with their swinging billies and round,

tiger caps, appeared among the pleasure seekers. Everybody was sent from the piers and the boardwalk. Dreamy strollers were unceremoniously interrupted and driven from the shore. Now the strand was deserted and the boardwalk lighted only by the full, white moon.

A floating mine had been observed near the shore. An enemy submarine must be off the coast. Suppose the mine struck one of the S. P. or S. C. boats? How many mines were afloat among the craft in the harbor? Every sort of disaster seemed impending. The guards were busy trying to keep the people away from the shore. By this time the whole town was roused, and all were hesitating between a desire to see the object and fear of the expected explosion. Curiosity was beginning to get the stronger hold on the majority, when a great breaker lifted the huge, black thing and cast it up beyond reach of the receding waves. As it lay there apparently harmless, the officers called a few men to examine the dark, sinister mass. Tense with expectation they approached. Still no explosion terrified the straining ears. Cautiously they gathered around the awful thing, and the rays of a flashlight were turned upon—a dead sea-turtle!

A Tale of College Women

EVELYN HODGES, '21 ADELHIAN

This is my rime of the Christmas time
Which gave us all much pleasure
For those happy days and joyous ways
Are now our greatest treasure.

The trip was great, but I simply hate
To tell how the girls all acted
For they laughed and yelled and almost fell
As boisterous stunts enacted.

No college near—so naught to fear;
The bunch was simply wild;
Such merry chatter and noisy clatter—
To call it so is mild.

The coming back 'tis a fact
'Twas just about as bad
For they tried to tell all in one spell
What a merry time they'd had.

The Legend of Bolsheviki Alley

(Inspired by admiration of Washington Irving).

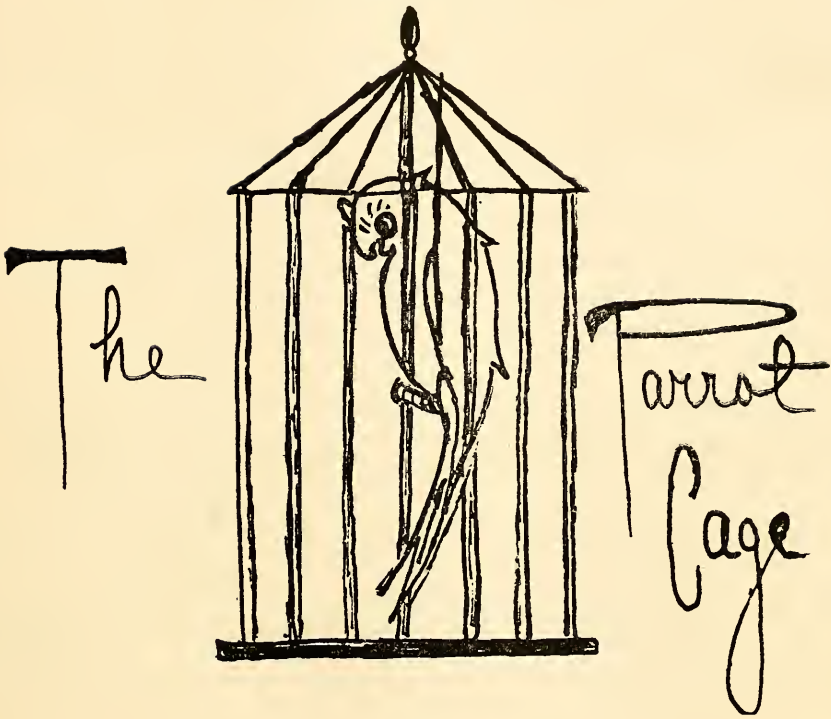
MARY BLAIR, '21 CORNELIAN

Obediah Partridge was a short, round, roly-poly little clerk, who nightly parked his bicycle on the curb before the door of the biggest flirt in town, Biddie Bouncer. His ferocious rival was the tall, brawny baseball champion of the county, Bean Bumpkin, whose Ford runabout—the only car in town—increased his wide renown. Every night as the golden sun sank in the west, the two fond lovers disembarked for their respective conveyances at Biddie's gate, and each endeavored to outtalk and outstay the other, until old Dad Bouncer bounced out of bed and roared down the stairs, "nine o'clock! 'nough said." Whereupon both suitors grabbed their hats and bolted from the dainty little feet of their beloved.

But on the particular night of which we are about to relate, Obediah found to his astonished amazement that Bean Bumpkin's radiant machine was not to be seen at the appointed hour before his lady's lover. Obediah was tickled to death by his chance to reveal his profound devotion without being perturbed by the obnoxious presence of the inevitable Bumpkin. However, as the hand of the parlor alarm clock twirled around toward the sad hour of departure, Obediah began to fidget at the fearful thot of passing thru the perilous region of Bolsheviki Alley, where only that day a mysterious explosion of a concealed mass of anarchist bombs had terrified the neighborhood. At last the fatal words resounded down the stairs, and Obe-

diah, planting a last, fervent osculation on the lily white hand, shot forth in the gloomy depths of the outer darkness. As he approached the dreaded spot his knees smote together and his corpulent body quaked thruout its wide expanse. Just as he was puffing and pedaling thru the debris of the Bolshevikk explosion, he heard behind him a ghastly chug-chug and a sort of mechanical death-rattle. Lashed to desperation, he larded the lean earth as he pedalled along. But steadily and rapidly the horrible clanking drew near, and just as it reached the side of the unhappy man, his fears completely overpowered him and he collapsed, wheel and all, in a huge heap of rubbish. Before his frightened gaze appeared an appalling sight—a Ford runabout, heaped with huge black bombs and driven by a masked and bewhiskered ruffian who was undoubtedly a relentless member of the I. W. W.

The next morning the desk of Obediah Partridge was empty; the next evening his bicycle was absent from its accustomed post before the Bouncer mansion; and the kids who played in Bolsheviki Alley were surprised and delighted to find beside a trash heap five old, worn out foot balls. The excitement caused by the disappearance of the fat little clerk gave way the next day to the greater excitement resulting from the marriage of Biddie Bouncer and her devoted hero of the diamond—Bean Bumpkin.



Shades of Columbia Laundry!
P. U. D. (reciting on French class).
"And Destournelles, in proposing to the baroness, vigorously pressed his suit."

Mildred cut her hair when she was little, and she never has had much since (sense).

Some girls use the expression "can't hardly wait" so much that they "can't hardly wait" to say it again.

Senior to History teacher: "Can you tell me if American History is to continue thru the next term?"

Teacher, (smiling wisely): "I sincerely hope so."

Mr. W., to a crowd of N. C. College girls: "I called up out at the college and got permission for all of you.

However, I don't know who answered the phone."

Freshman, excitedly: "Oh, Mr. W. was it a fat girl?"

Why can you graze a cow on Mary's head?

Because, according to Mr. Forney, she is so green that grass is continuously sprouting at the top.

Bright remarks heard recently:

(a). "She is humble as a mangy dog, but good enough to tickle the feet of the angels."

(b). "What would the world be without peanuts?"

(c). "Cleanliness like any virtue is an acquired one just as chewing tobacco or going to church are acquired ones."

(d). "The woman had R. S. V. P. eyes."

(e). "I lost a pair of glasses in a case with Sarah Brown on the back."

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